

C. 4. A
New Composition

3440bb20
OF

HYMNS and POEMS,

CHIEFLY ON

Divine Subjects ;

Designed for the Amusement, and E-
dification of Christians of
all Denominations.

More particularly them of the *Baptist* persuasion.

By *S. Samuel* DEACON

General Baptist
His
speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual
songs, singing, and making melody in your hearts to the
Lord.

PAUL.

LEICESTER;

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New Composition



H. 4.20. (2)

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AND SONS



H Y M N I.

The GOSPEL TRUMPET.

P A R T I.

I.

GOOD tidings ! good tidings are brought from
the skies !

Ye laden, ye lab'ring, ye loit'ring, arise !
Now the sweet Gospel-Trumpet is sounding a-
Salvation to Sinners, thro' Jesus's blood. (broad;

II.

The Heralds are sounding this excellent news,
To natives, to foreigners, Gentiles, and Jews ;
Still proclaiming aloud the Salvation of God,
Procured for Sinners, thro' Jesus's blood.

III.

Ye zealous observers of Moses's law,
Who half your Salvation from *Sinai* draw :
All your moral obedience will do you no good :*
Salvation is only thro' Jesus's blood.

A 3

Ye

* i. e. In point of *justification*. Isa. lvii. 12.—
Rom. iii. 20.

IV.

Ye publicans, harlots, and prodigal sons !
 To you it proclaims the forgiveness of sins ;
 O return to the Lord, tho' you long have with-
 stood,
 The yearnings of Jesus, and power of his blood.

V.

Ye poor, and ye lost, and ye hungry, and dry !
 Receive the kind offer—for why will ye die ?
 Since to save you the Lord gave his flesh for
 your food,
 And dy'd to redeem you from hell with his blood.

VI.

Ye old, and ye young, ye great, and ye small !
 Here's plenteous redemption proclaim'd to you
 all. (flood :
 And altho' the red dragon† sends forth a great
 Here's ample Salvation thro' Jesus's blood.

VII.

Ye deaf, and ye dumb, and ye halt, and ye
 blind ! (find
 Ye lepers most wretched, come here, and you'll
 Whatsoever ye want—if you want what you
 should,
 Here's all in Salvation thro' Jesus's blood.

PART

PART II.

I.

THE sweet Gospel Trumpet is sounding abroad,
 Salvation to sinners thro' Jesus's blood !
 Come, ye sinners, and see what your Saviour
 hath done,
 In order that you may sit down on his Throne.

II.

He flew from the regions of Glory above,
 With bowels of mercy, on pinions of love :
 And took flesh of our flesh ; yea and bone of our
 bone,
 On purpose to raise us to sit on his Throne.

III.

And when in this desert, what pains did he
 take,
 The mourners to comfort,—the stupid to 'wake.
 To the vilest of mortals his kindness was shewn,
 And nothing with-held :—not a seat on his
 Throne.

IV.

Behold how from Supper to th' Garden he goes,
 To agonize there, and be seiz'd by his foes !
 To be mangled and torn, till they make his heart
 groan ! (Throne.
 And dies that poor Sinners might rise to his

V.

He dy'd, and was buried ; but soon he arose,
 And to his Disciples immediately goes :

And

And he bids them the Gospel to all men make known:— (Throne.

Believe, and you're safe, till you sit on his VI.

Then he steps on a cloud, and ascends to the skies.

Look after him Sinners ! and see how he flies Thro' the portals of light !—And for what is he gone, (Throne ?

But to make room for Sinners to sit on his VII.

And when he hath finish'd the work he's about, Again he'll appear,—and his harbinger's shout Shall awaken the dead !—Then he'll carry his own

Triumphant to Glory, to sit on his Throne.

P A R T III.

I.

O Now could we take but a view of their state,
And see their perfection in Glory complete !
How the sight of their bliss would enrapture our breast,

And make us all long to partake of their Rest.

II.

Not innocent Adam, in Eden enjoy'd,
Delights so transporting, with Eve at his side.
All terrestrial enjoyments, the sweetest, and best
Are nauseous compar'd with the joys of their Rest.

III. No

VI.

And now he commissions his heralds to blow,
The sweet Gospel Trumpet, to let you all know,
How he waits to be gracious:—and whoever will,
He's able, and willing, to rescue from Hell.

VII.

His love is as free as the light of the sun.
He's ready to pardon the crimes you have done.
Not the air that you breathe—not a draught of
your well,
Is cheaper to you than redemption from Hell.

IX.

Escape for your lives,—for destruction is near!
The judge of all nations will quickly appear!
And he'll bring you before him!—What hesitate
still?
Soon, *soon* you'll be fixed—in Heav'n, or Hell!

H Y M N II.

The GOSPEL FOUNTAIN.

P A R T I.

I.

BEHOLD! ye mortals, what a well,
Is opened for you!
Sinners defil'd, and black as hell,
May be as white as snow.

II. No

II.

No water is so pure, so good ;
 Nor such attention claims :
 It rises from the heart of God,
 In ever-healing streams !

III.

'Tis sweeter to the appetite,
 Than honey, milk, or wine ;
 And fills the soul with new delight,—
 A relish, most divine !

IV.

Were all the rich, and all the poor,
 At once to drink their fill ;
 'Twould not exhaust the boundless store,
 Of this immortal well !

V.

Were all the world a thousand times,
 In every day to drink ;
 The waters still in copious streams,
 Would flow around the brink.

VI.

The sickly, faint, and filthy may
 Receive a full supply ;
 No sinner shall be sent away ;
 Nor drinker of it die !

VII.

'Tis free for all,—whoever will
 May have admittance now.
 Come, thirsty sinners, drink your fill !
 It flows for such as you,—

VIII.

O ! think my friends, how you'll be blam'd,
 If you should keep away ;

And

And Jesus Christ should be asham'd,
Of you another day!

P A R T II.

INVITATION.

I.

COME poor finners, to the Fountain,
Open'd in a Saviour's side!
All as dung, and dross accounting,
Save a Jesus crucified.

II.

Here, the spring of life is flowing,
Large effusions o'er the brink!
And a God of love is wooing,
Thirsty souls, to come, and drink.

III.

Sums of money are not wanted,
Your admittance to obtain;
Free access to all is granted:
You may come, and come again.

IV.

Come, poor finners! shall the Saviour
Open such a well for you?
And discern by your behaviour,
'Tis a trifle in your view?

V.

Soon you'll every one be dying,
Whether you are old or young.
God forbid, you should be crying
For a drop to cool your tongue!—

B

VI. Come

And

VI.

Come ! how often must we tell you
 Jesus longs to do you good :
 Let his dying love compel you
 All to drink his precious blood !

P A R T III.

The sensible Sinner's Answer.

I.

LORD, at length, behold me coming !
 Me, a creature most unclean.

On thy word of truth presuming,
 Thou wilt freely take me in.

II.

Long I've heard thy ardent calling ;

Long with cold indifference !

Now, thy rebel worm is falling

Down in humble penitence !

III.

Take me, wash me, cleanse my spirit ;

In thy life renewing stream !

Grant that I may now inherit

Full redemption thro' thy name !

IV.

Earthly springs of consolation,

Will not cheer my drooping soul !

But thy fountain of salvation,

Makes my broken spirit whole.

V. How

V.

How must my poor soul have fainted,
In this desert, waste, and wide ;
Hadst not thou to sinners granted
This dear fountain in thy side !

VI.

O ! that all in every nation,
Knew the virtues of this spring !
What substantial consolation,
Would their drinking of it bring !

VII.

This would fit them all for heaven,
Fill their hearts with love and joy ;
Grace on grace would here be given,
Glory to eternity.

VIII.

O ! what heart-distressing anguish,
Rises for my fellow men ;
Who neglect, and soon must languish,
For a single drop in vain !

IX.

Send abroad thy power almighty !
Quickly make the tidings fly.
Let the thousands now that slight thee,
Drink at least before they die !

V.

* Rom. 1. 16.

H Y M N III.

From. Rev. iii. 20.

I.

THE Prince of Glory condescends,
To visit mortals with his grace.
Behold ! how patiently he stands,
Knocking, and calling for access.

II.

To sinners, whether rich, or poor,
His call is general, and free.
" If any hear, and ope the door,"
" I'll sup with him, and he with me."

III.

[Sinners, can you endure to hear
The Saviour stand without, and knock ?
Open unto him now, for fear
He should not give another stroke.]

IV.

[The Prince of Peace is at your door,
Begging of you to take him in.
He begs ;—but soon he'll beg no more,
And then *your* begging will begin.]

V.

[With hollow groans, and piercing cries,
You'll rend the heavens with your rear ;—
But then the Prince of Peace denies
To open unto you the door.]

VI. How

VI.

[How will your stubborn hearts endure,
To have the door of mercy shut
Never to be set open more,
And you, for ever, bolted out ?]

VII.

[O ! hearken to his gracious voice :
Open your hearts, and take him in !
Angels will then approve your choice,
And God will pardon all your sin.]

VIII.

[Jesus will give you precious meat,
To feed your souls, and please your taste :
And you with him shall sit, and eat
A plenteous, everlasting feast !]

IX.

With rapture Lord ! we hear thee call,
And wish to open wide the door.
Enter, and entertain us all !
And never, never leave us more.

H Y M N IV.

From Luke xiv. 23.

I.

SINNERS ! provision is prepar'd,
And I am sent in haste
To call, to urge, to press you all,
To come unto the Feast.

B 3

II. Come

III.

Come, hungry, poor, and starving souls,
 And you will find it true;
 Behold ! the Lamb of God is slain,
 To make a feast for you !

III.

Trifle no longer with the Lord ;
 But now directly come,
 And taste the manna of his love,
 While Jesus says there's room.

IV.

Whatever is your present state,
 Come to the supper now ;
 For it may quickly be too late
 To say, there's room for you.

V.

Soon, with a most tremendous frown,
 The maker of the feast,
 May swear, in burning wrath that you
 His supper shall not taste !

H Y M N V.

Encouraging Sinners to come to Jesus.

I.

COME, sinners, with your load of guilt,
 And fall before the cross !
 Come, view the Lamb whose blood was spilt,
 For wretches such as us !

II. He

II.

He calls the poor, the blind, the lame,
And all who're in distress !
It was for such as those he came,
And such as those, he'll bless.

III.

Does sin appear before your sight,
And fright you from his face ?
Remember he is infinite,
And infinite in grace.

IV.

Does Satan tell you, that your state
Is grown so very bad,
That if you look for pardon now,
It never can be had ?

V.

O ! don't you trust to what he says,
Nor them to him allied :—
It was for sinners, such as you,
The Prince of Glory died !

VI.

And now, he sends an embassy
To every clime, and place ;
To call poor sinners just like you
To trust unto his grace.

VII.

Come now, poor sinners, now's the time,
The Saviour to obey :
Just as you are, with all your guilt !
Come, come this very day.

VIII. For

He

VIII.

For he, himself, was once made sin ;
 And for sin shed his blood !
 That sinners might be righteousness,—
 The righteousness of God.

H Y M N VI.

Matt. xi. 28.

I.

HARK you sinners ? Jesus now
 Speaks a word of peace to you.
 " Come, ye lab'ring and oppress'd:—
 Come, and I will give you rest."

II.

Chief of sinners ! you may come ;
 In his loving heart there's room.
 Jesus calls, and calls to you :—
 Come, and find his promise true.

III.

Come directly ;—if you stay,
 You'll be worse another day ;
 You'll be more desit'd within ;
 May be harden'd in your sin.

IV.

Come, ye sinners, come away !
 Now, the Saviour's voice obey ;
 Lest he in his wrath protest,
 " You shall never see my rest."

HYMN

H Y M N VII.

The Answer.

I.

JESUS, and is this thy call
To a heavy laden soul?
Heavy laden, Lord I come!
Give me rest, and take me home.

II.

Works of righteousness, I find
Give me no relief of mind;
But thy consolating voice,
Makes my heart, and soul rejoice.

III.

O! how wretched have I been,
Groaning under guilt, and sin:
But with rapture, Lord, I see
Thou hast born the curse for me.

IV.

Now, with humble gratitude,
I rejoice in thee, my God;
Ready to be spent, and spend
In the cause of such a friend,

H Y M N VIII.

On the Birth of Jesus.

I.

COME, ye sinners, sick, and faint,
Who for health and freedom pant.

Banish fear, and fell dismay ;
Jesus Christ is born to day.

II.

Join the joyful host above ;
Sing the dear redeemer's love !
Till the hills, and woods rebound
This invigorating sound !

III.

Hail ! the happy, happy morn !
Unto us, a child is born.
Unto us, a son is given ;—
Governour of earth and heaven.

IV.

Angels wing the ambient air,
And the joyful news declare.
Let us join their song, and cry,
“Glory be to God on high !”

V.

Now, ye mourners, dry your tears !
Now, ye weak, dispel your fears !
Now, begin your voice to tune ;—
We shall be in glory soon !

VI.

There, in extacy of joy,
We, with all the choirs on high ;
Shall eternal homage pay
To the Saviour,—born to day.

On the Birth of Jesus

HYMN

(43)

H Y M N IX.

On the Birth of Jesus.

I.

HAIL! the delightful morning! charming day!

That first saw Jesus in a house of clay.

Jesus, the author of eternal bliss,

To such a nation,—such a world as this!

Let me behold with pleasing admiration,

This lovely stranger, and his great salvation!

II.

This is the Saviour! this alone is he!

Here, all the promises, and types agree.

The num'rous victims, that have shed their blood,

With John proclaim—"Behold the Lamb of God!"

The prophets, and the venerable sages

Point at his person thro' the sacred pages.

III.

Why? lovely being! glorious Prince of Peace!

Why didst thou stoop to such a state as this?

Why be a sojourner, in flesh, and blood,

When nature own'd thee for her Lord and God?

What could the cause be?—It was my transgression

Made the dear Saviour poor by love's expression.

IV.

My soul was all polluted, and my sin
Cry'd loud for vengeance !—but the judge divine,
Touch'd with compassion at my dreadful case,
Sent the dear Saviour, full of truth, and grace ;
Who enter'd freely into this condition,
To save me from the horrors of perdition.

V.

O ! my dear Lord ! What incense shall I
bring ?
What tribute pay ? What hallelujahs sing ?
How shall I live, to spread, to blaze abroad
The love of my Redeemer, Saviour, God ?
Let all my powers, with gratitude adore thee,
Till crown'd with glory, I rejoice before thee.

H Y M N X.

I.

NOW, let us all our hearts prepare
To hear God's holy word,
And well remember while we're here,
We're present with the Lord.

II.

Let no perplexing, worldly care,
Sit brooding on our mind ;
Nor prejudice our souls ensnare,
Or understanding blind.

III. But

III.

But while our moments pass away,

Devout attention give :

The great Jehovah calls to day :

"Hear, and your souls shall live!"

H Y M N XI.

I.

AND are we once again,

Permitted to appear ?

And will the Saviour entertain

Unworthy sinners here ?

II.

'Tis wond'rous grace indeed,

That keeps us out of hell ;

And gives us liberty to read,

Our heav'nly father's will.

III.

A will that offers us

A portion in the skies ;

That more than balances our loss

Of paradisiac joys.

IV.

Then lend a willing ear,

To what the Saviour saith ;

And see the blessed truths you hear,

Are intermix'd with faith.

V.

Then from the sacred word,

A blessing you'll obtain :

For none shall ever seek the Lord

In earnest, and in vain.

HYMN

H Y M N XII.

I.

WELL sinners, once more, The Lord
condescends

To call at your door, And patiently stands
To see if you hunger For Jesus to day ?
Or, whether you longer Without him will stay.

II.

Consider the case, Poor indigent men !
An offer like this, You mayn't have again !
'Tis better, and greater, Than you can conceive ;
And sooner, or later, You this will believe !

III.

When God from above, In glory comes down !
And mountains remove, Or shrink from his
frown ! (sphere ;
The sun shall be darken'd, Or fall from his
You'll then wish you'd hearken'd To Jesus, when
here.

H Y M N XIII.

I.

NOW sinners, attend, To Jesus I pray,
To Jesus the friend Of sinners, to day !
He waits to be gracious ; And gracious to you !
He's ALL that is precious ; And offers it now !

II.

[No longer unite, With sinners profane ;
Whole source of delight, Is sinful, or vain :
Whose aim is to follow, Their sensual desire ;
To root, and to wallow, Like hogs, in the mire.]

III.

In Jesus you'll find, True rational joys :
What pleasures of mind, From pardon arise :
From vileness forgiven, Thro' faith in his blood !
A title to heaven ! And peace with your God !

IV.

O ! fly, sinners fly, To Jesus with speed !
 For why should you die, Since Jesus did bleed ?
 Poor sinners ! don't harden Your hearts, but
 be wise !
 For life, without pardon ; Is death in disguise !

XIV. To Young Persons.

NOW ye young, and vigorous !
 What say you to Christ to day ?
 Will you for a Saviour's cross,
 Cast your follies all away ?

Can you make a better choice,
 Than with Jesus to comply ? —
 Why resist your Saviour's voice ?
 Why, ye simple creatures, why ?

[Shall the Prince of Glory wait,
 Tedious months, and years away ;
 Calling at your bolted gate,
 And you no attention pay ?

Is your present master such ;
 And his service such delight ;
 That you cannot do too much,
 His indulgence to requite ?

Is the wages he bestows,
 Equal to a crown of life ?

And equivalent to woes,

Past conception, and relief ?]

VI.

Come, and lay your trifles down :

Close with Jesus Christ to day !

Take his yoke, his cross, his crown :

What should tempt you to delay ?

VII.

God and Jesus sweetly cry,

To the youngest of you all !

Why, ye simple creatures, why

Will you trifle with their call ?

VIII.

Jesus did not trifle, when

He'd a cross to bear for you !

O ! no longer trifle then :

Close with the redeemer now !

XV. Public Worship, a great Privilege.

BLEST be the Lord, that he once more

Enables us to meet,

To praise his name, and humbly pour,

Our sorrows at his feet.

II.

[Might but the souls in hell enjoy,

A privilege like this ;

How would they all with ardor fly

To seize the offer'd bliss !

III.

But they, alas, are past relief ;

And ever must endure

Eternal torments ! and their grief,

Admits no hope of cure.

IV. But

IV.

But we the privilege enjoy,
That they cannot obtain :

But who can say that you, or I,
Shall this enjoy again ?

V.

To day, we may, for ought we know,
Be summoned by death !

And if neglecters, down we go,
With them to gnash our teeth !]—

VI.

Then let us chearfully embrace,
The favor God bestows !

That we thro' his abounding grace,
May shun eternal woes.

VII.

And, at the last, triumphant rise
To happy realms above.

And all the blifs beyond the skies ;
In full fruition prove.

XVI. Encouragement to seek the Lord.

I.

WELL, once again, a blessed day,
Is granted us, to praise, and pray.

O ! let us chearfully prepare.

To worship God devoutly here !

II.

How many that had us'd to come,
Are gone to their eternal home !

As warnings unto us, that stay,
To work while it is call'd, to day.

III.

No counsel in the grave is found !
No preparation under ground !

No day of grace for sinners there,
Who flight the calls of mercy here.

IV.

But now, the great Jehovah waits,
On humble suppliants at his gates !
And will not empty send away,
The longing soul, that comes to day.

V.

Come then ye poor, and needy souls !
Come while the mediator calls !
Bow down your hearts before his throne ;
And make your wants, and sorrows known.

VI.

[His gracious ear is open now !
He waits for a request from you !
Pour out your very worst complaints,
Ye drooping heavy laden saints.]

VII.

His grace will all your wants supply !
And make you sing aloud for joy !
And drive your sorrows all away !
That you may bless the Lord to day !

XVII. The Law given by God in terrible Majesty. Exod. XIX. and XX.

I.

WHEN God came down to give the law ;
The mountains shook with sacred awe ;
Sinai (before Jehovah spoke)
Was altogether on a smoke.

II.

No wonder then that sinners quake,
When mountains at his presence shake ;
When nature reels, to let them know,
With what a God they have to do !

III.

And was it nothing but parade,
To make the Israelites afraid ?
No ! this displays to us his pow'r ;
That we may tremble, and adore !

IV.

For you my brethren, you, and I,
Must stand before his majesty !
And hear him at the awful day,
When heav'n, and earth, shall pass away !

V.

Then let us now prepare, in time,
To be at rest, at peace with him !
That when we hear the trumpet sound,
We with his glory may be crown'd !

XVIII. The extent and spirituality of the Law.

Matt. V. 17. to the end. Rom. VII. 14

I.

BEHOLD the perfect law of God !
How comprehensive, just, and good !
How absolute in every part ;
Judging the secrets of the heart !

II.

'Tis not enough our *lives* be good :
Our *hearts* must all be right with God :
Or underneath it's curse we lie, —
“ The soul that sinneth, it shall die ! ” *

III.

O ! how tremendous is their state !
Whose heart, or actions, deviate.

Expos'd

* Ez. XVIII. 4. Gal. III. 10.

(32)
Expos'd to lose their heav'n, and go
Down to the flaming world below.

IV.

And are we all beneath its pow'r;
And thus expos'd, each day and hour?
Then how important 'tis for us,
To gain deliv'rance from the curse!

XIX. The Law of God, a rule to
ALL. Matt. V. 18. Rom. III. 19

I.

THE law's an universal rule,
To all the human race:
That God enjoins on every soul,†
In every age, and place.

II.

O! how extensive doth it reach;
And closely to us cleave.
'Twill not admit a single breach
In mortals while they live.

III.

Great monarchs on their thrones of gold,
Are not beyond its pow'r;
Nor wretches grown infirm, and old;
Who beg from door, to door.

IV.

Then this must be a rule for us:—
And let us search, and try,
Whether we have escap'd the curse:
Or liable to die.

V.

'Twill be a dreadful thing, if we
Should miss of heav'n at last!
And by the God that made us, be
Into perdition cast!‡

† Rom. II. 15. ‡ Isa. XXVII. 2 Thes. I. 7, 8-9

XX. The Law worketh Wrath.

Rom. III. 20. IV. 15.

I.

HOW wretched are the souls, that go
For peace, and pardon, to the law!
For these it never can impart;
But deeper wound the broken heart!

II.

The law to sinners, worketh wrath;
And sentences them all to death!
And years of grief, if years we live;
Cannot engage it to forgive.

III.

It calls aloud for love to God!
And represents him just and good!
But no ability imparts,
To make us love him in our hearts.

IV.

We fear his righteousness, if we
The objects of his vengeance be.
The more we see him just, and good;
The more we dread his wrath and rod!

V.

Then cease, poor sinners, cease to go
For pardon to a broken law.
But fly to the redeemer, fly!
Who brings his great salvation nigh!

XXI. But when the Commandment came, sin revived, and I died. Rom. VII. 9.

I.

WHEN first my soul awoke, and saw
The nature of God's holy law;

I stood astonish'd at the sight ;
And sunk beneath its awful weight.

II.

No source of comfort could I find
From any part, to ease my mind.
The sentence thunder'd in my ear,
And fill'd me with distracting fear.

III.

The promise to obedience due,
Pierc'd me with horror, thro', and thro';
For well I saw I'd no pretence,
To plead it in my own defence.

IV.

My trespasses before me stood,
In number, weight, and magnitude ;
Which I had never seen before,
Or pass'd with cold indifference o'er.

V.

My expectations all were cross'd.
I found myself undone and lost :
And dy'd to every legal hope,
That us'd to hold my spirits up.

VI.

But just when sinking in despair,
The Saviour's voice address'd my ear. &
" Come heavy laden, and oppress'd,
" To me, and I will give you rest !"

VII.

O ! how delightful was the word !
I flew with ardor, to the Lord !
A friend in such a time of need ;
I found to be a friend indeed !

HYMN

5 Matt. XI. 28.

XXII. But we preach Christ
Crucified. I. Cor. I. 23,

I.

HOW many ways to make us wise,
Hath God the father try'd!
But none like Christ a sacrifice;
Like Jesus crucify'd.

II.

Verbal directions, fit, and plain,
Instruction may impart:
But nothing like a Saviour slain,
To profelyte the heart!

III.

Throughout his works, in antient days,
A gracious God I see:
But bruising his own son, displays
Him gracious unto me!

IV.

His laws, and promises, of old;
His truth, and love proclaim!
But all his glory I behold,
In Christ a slaughter'd lamb!

V.

Here will I fix, nor farther go,
Nor seek for ought beside:
What knowledge can be equal to,
A Jesus crucify'd?

XXIII. The Commission. Mark
XVI. 15 16.

I.

WHAT voice is this! What lovely voice,
That ravishes my ear?

It

It makes my heart, and soul rejoice ;
And banishes my fear !

II.

'Tis Jesus speaks, and O ! his words
In charming accents fly !
Life, and salvation he affords ;
To souls expos'd to die !

III.

" Go into all the world, and preach
The gospel's joyful sound !
My mercy, and compassion, reach
To sinners all around !"

IV.

" I long to have the human race,
My father's pleasure know !
And drink the rivers of his grace,
That from his presence flow."

V.

" Go ! let them all be well appriz'd
And this within them grav'd :
He that believes, and is baptiz'd ;
Shall be for ever sav'd !"

VI.

" But stubborn sinners that refuse
The privilege proclaim'd :
And mercy such as this abuse,
Shall be for ever damn'd !"—

VII.

Dear Jesus, dost thou freely give
This privilege to me ?
With gratitude, Lord, I believe,
And humbly come to thee.

XXIV. Isa. XII.

I.

O H ! happy day, transporting sound.
That fills my eye and ear ;

The Lord proclaims his grace around,
And I the tidings hear.

II.

Once he was angry :—well he might
At my rebellious ways !
But now he fills me with delight,
With gratitude, and praise.

III.

Behold the everlasting God,
Is my secure retreat !
I'll trust him thro' the narrow road
That leads me to his seat.

IV.

Why should I fear, but I at length
Shall force my passage thro' ?
The Lord Jehovah is my strength,
And my salvation too !

V.

My wants he every day supplies,
While travelling below :
And fountains in the desert rise,
To cheer me as I go.

VI.

[I'll praise the Lord, and on his name,
In all my troubles call.
His doings in the world proclaim ;
And him alone extol.

VII.

I'll meditate upon his grace ;
And he shall be my song ;
While thro' the wilderness I press
Triumphantly along.]

VIII.

But when I join the happy croud,
On Zion's mount above.

Then

D.

Then will I cry, and shout aloud,
Of my Redeemer's love!

XXV. The Sun of Righteousness. Mal. IV. 2.

I.

WHEN first the sun of righteousness,
Began to dawn on me;
My soul was fill'd with such distress,
I knew not where to flee.

II.

But soon his cheering influence,
Dispel'd my fears and grief:
And gave me a delightful sense,
Of everlasting life.

III.

[O! what a day was that to me:
What happiness I knew!
Little I thought that any cloud,
Could hide him from my view.

IV.

But soon, unto my pain, I found
The darkness to appear;
Trembling I fell unto the ground,
In agonies of fear!

V.

I spent the transitory night,
In misery extream;
Concluding that my former light,
Was nothing but a dream.

VI.

But soon the cloud was overblown,
The sun appear'd again;
And with refulgent glory shone,
To dissipate my pain.]

VII. O

VII.

O glorious sun of righteousness !
 May I for ever find,
 Thy beams effectual to chase
 All darkness from my mind.

VIII.

Fill me with light, and life divine;
 While in this vale I stay :
 And raise me soon with thee to shine
 In one eternal day.

IX.

Then shall I bask in thy full blaze ;
 Nor feel the least distress :
 And, with expanding bosom, praise
 The sun of righteousness,

XXVI. To Christians who keep at a distance.

I.

COME, join hands with us and Jesus !
 Meekly cross and crown to bear ;
 Since he suffer'd to release us
 From the burden of despair.

II.

Don't we hope to live for ever,
 In the family above ?
 What should our affections sever,
 While we thro' the desert move !

III.

Come, and let us all together,
 Press to realms of joy, and bliss ;
 Each, may be a help to either,
 In this dreary wilderness.

IV.

We have many foes and crafty,
 To molest us all below :

Let us seek each others safety,
While we thro' the desert go.

V.

Join'd together by one spirit ;
Let us fellowship maintain :
Till the kingdom we inherit ;
And with Jesus live, and reign.

XXVII. The Soul's surrender.

I.

NOW, I resign my all to thee,
Thou precious lamb of God !
To do, to suffer, or to be,
Whatever thou see'st good.

II.

My soul, and spirit ; flesh, and bone,
Were fashioned by thee !
I am thy servant ! Thou alone,
Hast right to govern me.

III.

When press'd with Satan's galling yoke ;
And ignorant of thee ;
Thou all my servile fetters broke ;
And set my spirit free.

IV.

No cross, no pain, may I esteem
Hard, to endure for thee :
Since thou my spirit to redeem,
Hung groaning on a tree.

V.

O ! may I find thy law of love
Dictating unto me ;
Sweetly constraining me to move
Directly after thee.

VI. Thy

VI.

Thy easy yoke I wish to bear;
 And always learn of thee.
 Holy, and meek, and lowly here,
 Lord I desire to be.

VII.

The world, and worldly things, at once,
 I set aside from me !
 Jesus assist me to renounce
 ALL that opposes thee !

VIII.

O! may this whole assembly now
 Bear witness Lord with thee,
 That I profess, that none but thou,
 Shalt henceforth govern me.

XXVIII. The Bible our only
 rule in religion. Isa. VIII. 20.
 2 Tim. III. 15, 16, 17.

I.

O! 'Tis a painful thing to see,
 The Saviour's precepts set aside.
 Learn'd, and illiterate, agree
 To take tradition for their guide !
 And slight the book inspir'd by God,
 To lead them to his blest abode.

II.

How plain (if we but cast an eye
 Into the Saviour's testament)
 The rules of christian duty lie,
 Mistakes, and errors, to prevent.
 But men, alas ! are ever prone,
 To let the word of God alone !

III. But

III.

But wise, the only wise are they,
 Who dive into the sacred page :
 And strict attention to it pay,
 Thro' every circumstance, and age.
 For that will stand, and stand secure,
 When men's traditions are no more !

IV.

The judge will presently appear,
 And shew the nations what is law !
 And we shall soon his judgment hear :
 The awful either *come*, or *go*.
 Consider, sinners, you'll be there !
 And you the consequence must bear !

V.

No longer then tradition take
 To guide you in the heav'nly way :
 But hear the great JEHOVAH speak !
 Believe him, trust him, and obey !
 By this alone we stand, or fall :
 The BIBLE is the *test* for ALL !

XXIX. Saul's Conversion, and Baptism, Acts IX. and XXII. Chapters.

I.

WHEN Saul on persecution bent,
 With letters to Damascus went.
 A light beyond the solar ray,
 Surpriz'd him in meridian day.

II.

Enlighten'd by celestial beams,
 He drops his persecuting schemes :

And

And trembling cries to Jesus now,
With "Lord, what would'st thou have me do?"

III.

Jesus with pity in his breast,
Answers the penitents request.—
Saul of his duty well appriz'd,
Rose at his word, and was baptiz'd.—

IV.

Jesus is sov'reign still, and we
Are subject to his wise decree.
And what was right for Saul to do,
Is right for us to practise too.

V.

[For we behold a light divine:
Celestial beams upon us shine:
The voice of Jesus we have heard;
And him with reverence regard.]

VI.

Lord, we no longer hesitate:
Our souls to thee we dedicate:
With pleasure, we thy word obey,
And rise to be baptiz'd to day.

XXX. Our reason for public adult Baptism.

I.

DO any ask the reason why
We're present here to day?
It is the Lord to glorify,
In his appointed way.

II.

If we peruse the Testament,
With diligence, and care;
We find that John to Jordan went
To baptize sinners there.

III. [In

III.

[In Enon, and at Phillippi,
Where streams of water flow ;
There John and Paul, both publicly,
To baptize sinners go !]

IV.

When Jesus came from Galilee ;
He hastens to the flood !
And John before the company
Baptiz'd the Son of God !

V.

Now these are precedents for us :
And hereby we are taught
To follow their example thus.
And don't you think we ought ?

VI.

Tho' men contempt, and ridicule,
The way the antients trod.
We follow the redeemer's rule,
While pressing home to God.

VII.

We know his promise, and believe
His promise he'll fulfil.
We trust a faithful God, and cleave
To him, and Jesus still !

XXXI. On the importance of Believer's Baptism.

I.

TH' importance of a sacred rite
Depends upon the Lord :
For where's the christian that would slight
A tittle of his word ?

II.

If he a trifle shall command
His creatures to fulfil !

'Tis not a trifle to withstand,
Or counteract his will !

III.

The master is the judge, of what
Is needful to be done :

And he's a faithful servant that
Attends to him alone.

IV.

[Adam might think the thing but small,
And ventur'd to transgress ;
But it procur'd a dreadful fall,
To all the human race.

V.

'Twas but a little wherein Saul
His God did disobey :*
But what reward had he for all
The work he did that day ?

VI.

The prophet unto Beth-el sent||
With messages express !
Was by a furious lion rent,
For eating at the place.

VII.

The man who durst refuse to smite
The prophet of the Lord :†
Was slain for his presumptuous flight
Of the prophetic word.

VIII.

Naaman contempts with proud disdain
To wash in Jordan's flood :§
Concluding that would be in vain,
Or others were as good !

IX. These

* 1 Sam. XV. || 1 Kings XIII. † 1 Kings XX.
§ 2 Kings V.

IX.

These may appear but little things,

To do, or not to do :

But see what grievous evil springs

When not attended to.]

X.

Now Jesus bids converted men,

Arise, and be baptiz'd ! ¶

Shall we call this a trifle then,

Nor do as we're advis'd ?

XI.

No, God forbid ! he knows the best

What's right for us to do !

Of his commands, the very least,

Must be attended to.

XII.

It is enough for us to know

Our dear redeemer's will :

And with alacrity to go,

His pleasure to fulfil !

XIII.

Whether the thing be great, or small,

It matters not to us :

He is the potter, and we all

Are vessels for his use !

XXXII. On the same subject.

I.

'TWAS God that John the Baptist sent,

When he into the desert came,

And Jews, and Jesus, to him went,

To be baptiz'd in Jordan's stream.

An

An open'd heaven, and voice from God,
The conduct of the day applaud !*

II.

[We never find that Jesus taught
That baptism was indifferent ;
Either to be dispens'd, or not ;
As worldly modes, and fashions went :
But just before he seal'd the skies
He sent his servants to baptize !

III.

At his command the servants went
To make their master's gospel known :
And urg'd believers to repent,
And be baptized, every one !
Those that the gospel after priz'd,
Rose at their word and were baptiz'd !] ||

IV.

Throughout the sacred page we find,
This was their practice, day, by day ;
To preach the gospel to mankind,
And baptize those who it obey.†
And those who hear, and this neglect ;
The counsel of their God reject.¶

V.

[Now are we wiser grown of late,
And better skill'd in sacred things,
That we can pause, and hesitate,
And disobey the King of Kings ?
And vindicate our sloth, and say
'Tis non-essential—to obey ?

VI.

O ! what will such disciples say
When they appear before the Lord !

He'll

* Mat. III. || Acts II. † Acts XVI. ¶ Luke VII. 30.

He'll vindicate himself, and they
 Will tremble at his ev'ry word !
 They'll find at that important day,
 That non-essential is their plea.] †

VII.

Then shall we so presumptuous be,
 The tenor of his word to flight ? §
 Shall sinners teach the deity,
 And tell JEHOVAH what is right ?
 No Lord ! it is enough for me,
 To hear thy voice, and follow thee !

XXXIII. On the same subject.

I.

D ID Jesus e'er he chose to rise,
 Send forth his servants to baptize ?
 Then let us wisely search into,
 The gracious ends he had in view.

II.

It shews that he's authority,
 To give a positive decree.
 And as the churches only head ;
 He has a right to be obey'd !*

III. By

† The author wishes it to be noted, that here he is only speaking of those who are persuaded that baptism is a duty, but neglect it with the pretence of its being a non-essential matter. If this pretence be sufficient, may not every Christian Duty be neglected for the same reason ? For what Duty can be supposed essential to Salvation, when it is expressly asserted, "It is not of Works, lest any man should boast." And is it therefore safe to neglect Christian Duties ? Read Matt. VII. 21, 22, 23.

§ The principal part of those passages that treat of Baptism.

* Matt. XXIII. 8-10.

III.

By this we see our filthiness;
And need of purifying grace,
And testify a death to sin;
And rising to a life divine.

IV.

'Tis not the flesh to purify;
But test of our sincerity.
An answer of a conscience good
Toward (the word, and ways of) God.†

V.

By this we publicly confess,
The Lord is ours, and we are his.
And own before the sons of men,
That Jesus is our sovereign.*

VI.

Bury'd with the Redeemer, we
Shew forth his death, and agony:
Whereby the flesh is crucify'd;
And body of our sin destroy'd:

VII.

Such are the ends he had in view,
The scriptures evidently shew,
Now where's the christian! Where's the man!
Dare call the institution vain?

XXXIV. Reflections on the a- bove.

I.

CAN I behold how Jesus went,
Down in the flowing element;

And

§ Rom. VI. † 1 Pet. III. 21. * Matt. X.
32, 33.

E

And suffer shame, or fear, or pride,
Or sloth, to turn my feet aside ?

II.

Did Jesus publicly confess,
This was fulfilling righteousness ?
And can I have a conscience clear,
While I refuse obedience here ?

III.

Was Jesus to procure my good,
O'erwhelm'd in sufferings, and blood ?
And I refuse to honor him,
By walking down into a stream ?

IV.

Forbid it Lord ! I will submit,
With humble dif'rence at thy feet
Thou art my prince, and pattern too :
And whom shall I regard but thou !

XXXV. Appeal to the spectators

I.

NOW neighbours we appeal to you,
Before we further go.
What is the best for us to do ;
To be baptiz'd, or no ?

II.

What some may think, and others thought,
Avails but little here.
Is it of God, or is it not ?
The matter must rest there.

III.

We wish most conscientiously,
To follow Christ the Lord.
And this seems plain to us, to be
According to his word.—

IV. Dear

IV.

Dear Jesus ! we appeal to thee ;
 And act as in thy fight.
 This is thy ordinance, and we
 Embrace it with delight.

V.

Let mortals think, or mortals say
 What happens to come next ;
 We are determin'd to obey
 Thy plain, and simple text.

XXXVI. Acts VIII. 36, 37.

I.

WELL now my ignorance I see,
 And see it to my shame !—
 It is a privilege, to be
 Baptiz'd in Jesus name.

II.

O ! how I've seen it as a cross
 Too great to be endur'd ;
 To be baptiz'd as Jesus was,
 And bury'd with my Lord !—

III.

This is the way that God above
 Commanded John to teach,||
 This is the way the Lord of Love
 Bid his Apostles preach.†

IV.

This is the way the saints of old,
 Their faith, and love, profess'd.
 O ! how presumptuous, vain, and bold,
 Are sinners that resist.

V. This

John I. 33 † Matt. XXVIII. 18, 19, 20.

V.

This is the way—I'll walk therein;

However it's despis'd.

"See, here is water; what doth hin-

"der me to be baptiz'd?"

VI.

Like Ethiopia's eunuch; lo

My master I obey.

And when baptiz'd, I mean to go

Rejoicing on my way.

XXXVII. To young Professors.

I.

COME now ye happy souls that know
A saviour's dying love.

Take up your cross with us, and go

To share the joys above.

II.

Let Jesus be your guard, and guide;

His promises your stay.

And constantly in him abide

Thro' all the narrow way.

III.

Obey the precepts of his mouth,

With reverence, and joy.

And feast upon his word of truth,

That you may grow thereby.

IV.

Be sure to keep fraternal love,

In lively exercise.

And

† The exact words of scripture, Acts VIII. 36.
And therefore adapted. It is hoped the Reader will
think this a sufficient apology for the breach discover'd
in this stanza.

And let your fellow-members prove

You vigilant, and wise.

V.

And never let your hearts forget

What feeble worms you are:

But oft approach the mercy seat,

With humble, fervent pray'r.

VI.

Think what a father, and a priest,

You have to take your part:

That gratitude to God, and Christ,

May overflow your heart.

VII.

[Your enemies with watchful eye,

At awful distance keep ;

And never lay your armour by,

Till you retire to sleep.]

VIII.

Thus steady, watchful, and sincere,

Press forward on your road :

Till you before the throne appear ;

And banquet with your God.

XXXVIII. Invitation to the Lord's Supper.

I.

COME now ye weary spirits, come,

Ye lab'ring, and distressed :

You're welcome here, as if at home,

To eat, and drink, and rest.

II.

Jesus invites you all to come

To this celestial place !

And kindly furnishes the room

With tokens of his grace.

E 3

III. Should

III.

[Should not you think the honour great,
To banquet with your king ?
Tho' disaffected to the state,
Should ridicule the thing.

IV.

But O ! what feast on earth can be
Equivolent to this ?
So large, so rich, so sweet, so free
To sinners in distress !]

V.

The dainties we partake of here,
Your hungry souls may please,
Better than those that kings prepare,
On coronation days.

VI.

While Jesus condescending stands ;
And don't you hear him cry ?
Eat, O beloved, drink my friends !
Yea drink abundantly !

VII.

Then joyful sit, and sweetly sing,
Your happy time away :
The love that brought us this, will bring
Us an eternal day !

XXXIX. On the same subject.

I.

WELL once again, the Lord prepares
A table for his saints,
Now let us come as sons, and heirs ;
And banish our complaints.

II.

And meditate upon the food,
That furnishes the board ;

How

How suitable, how rich, how good ;
And what it cost the Lord.

III.

What if we search from pole, to pole ;
And trace the globe around ?
Nought so refreshing to the soul
In nature can be found !

IV.

The dainty viands monarchs eat,
So delicate, and dear :
Are quite insipid, to the treat
That we partake of here.

V.

But who can estimate the price
That this provision cost ?
In vain the highest angel tries !
For angels here are lost.

VI.

Then cease its value to explore ;
But of its sweetness taste.
And thankfully the Lord adore,
That makes us such a feast.

XL. The Lord's Supper an instructive Ordinance

I.

HOW fully is the love of God
Set forth in this delightful feast !
Who gave his son to shed his blood,
That we might of his goodness taste.

II.

How strikingly his justice here
Presents itself before our view !
What heart the painful thought can bear
When vengeance the Messiah slew ?

III. How

How sin in all its odious forms,
Is aggravated by the deed.

That Jesus for rebellious worms,
Must suffer his own heart to bleed!

IV.

Our weakness, and unworthiness,
In strongest colours here are shewn.

Our works can never merit grace;
Nor penitence for sin atone.

V.

The weakness of the law to save,
Is amply testify'd by this :

Or Jesus Christ would never leave
His kingdom of consummate bliss.

VI.

The torments of eternal death,
Are frigh fully display'd herein !

What mountains of almighty wrath,
O'erwhelm the wretch who dies in sin !

VII.

Jesus the great Redeemer stands
Display'd in all his glories here !

How well he answers ALL demands,
To bring poor guilty sinners near.

VIII.

Lord fill our hearts with gratitude,
While deep in penitence we sink !

Help us to use thy flesh, and blood,
As our substantial meat, and drink.

XLI. Precious Blood.

I.

O ! The precious blood of Jesus !
Who its preciousness can tell ?

Precious

Precious blood, that fully frees us,
From the yawning jaws of hell !

II.

Precious blood, the soul to sprinkle,
When defil'd, and stain'd with sin !
Purging every spot, and wrinkle,
Till it makes the conscience clean.

III.

Precious blood, the thirsty creature,
To refresh, and satisfy ;
When the springs, and pools of nature,
Leave it weary, faint, and dry.

IV.

Precious blood, that gives believers
Strength to overcome their foes :
And to smile at their endeavours,
Who their victory oppose.

V.

Precious blood, that now is pleading
In the paradise on high :
For the blessings interceding,
Purchas'd upon Calvary.

VI.

O ! what love, and praise are owing
To the precious lamb of God !
Who to save our souls from ruin,
Shed his precious, precious blood.

VII.

[Now my brethren, tune your voices !
Sound the honors of your king !
Jesus hears, and he rejoices
When he hears his people sing !]

XLII. Luke XXII. 19,

I.

HOW sweet the command, That Jesus hath
giv'n;
To think on the friend, That brings me to heav'n
The friend who esteem'd me A rebel to God;
Yet dy'd, and redeem'd me From hell with his
blood.

II.

O! can I forget The pains he endur'd?
The sharp bloody sweat, The nails & the sword?
With all that he suffer'd, From devils and men,
When kindly he offer'd His life for my sin?—

III.

Compassion, & grief, Compell'd him to groan;
To bring me relief, When I was undone.
He dy'd, my salvation, And rest to secure;
Or endless damnation, My soul must have bore.

IV.

And now he's releas'd, This spirit of mine;
He makes me a feast, Of bread, and of wine:
To give me fresh vigour, While toiling below;
And him in a figure Remember and shew.

V.

O! help me to feel, How precious thou art!
Engrave as on a seal, Thy love on my heart!
That I may for ever Remember thy name:
And never, O! never, Forget what I am!

XLIII. Redeeming Love.

I.

NOW let our notes of praise arise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
With gratitude of heart adore,
The Saviour, full of love and pow'r.

II. Late

II.

Late we were wretched, truly so ;
Blind, on the brink of endless woe !
Expos'd eternally to dwell,
With devils in the flames of hell !

III.

He saw, with sympathetic grief,
Our desp'rate case, and no relief !
He saw ;—but O ! he could not bear,
To see us perish in despair.

IV.

He threw his robes of light away !
Assum'd a body of our clay !
Finish'd a life of painful years,
In agonies, in groans, and tears !

V.

Then to the world of glory rose,
Victorious over all his foes !
To plead, to intercede with God ;
For rebels that had shed his blood !

VI.

Now the great Father from above,
Looks with complacency and love.
Sends forth his heralds to proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus' name !

VII.

Then let our songs of praise arise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies :
With growing gratitude adore,
The MAN who lives to die no more.

XLIV. Christ died for us.

I.

WHEN Jesus flew on wings of love,
Down from the shining seats above ;

To

To make a rebel's peace with God,
At the expence of his own blood.

II.

Amazement seiz'd th' angelic croud !
Justice in consternation flood !
Mercy was overcome with grace ;
And peace seem'd something more than peace.

III.

Justice with a majestic mien,
Survey'd the dying son of man :
And with full acquiescence cry'd,
"My whole demand is satisfy'd !"

IV.

Mercy with sympathetic eye
Beheld the wretch expos'd to die.
And turn'd aside to hide her grief,
But instantly held out relief.

V.

While peace with aspect calm, and sweet,
Flew to the poor transgressors feet :
Offer'd to reign within his breast,
And be his constant guard and guest.

VI.

The wretch, the rebel overcome ;
Opens his heart to make her room.
Wonders to see his curse remove ;
And feels his bosom swell with love.

VII.

Who is this rebel ? surely me !
And Jesus dy'd to set him free !
And doth this make new joy in heav'n ?
What then in me who am forgiv'n !

XLV. Cant. V. 2. &c.

I.

BEHOLD the Prince of Glory comes,
Laden with blessings from above !

Open the doors of all your rooms ;
And testify your warmest love.

II.

Slumber no longer in your house !
Rise, and your raiment hasten on !
Fly to the door to meet your spouse,
Lest he be weary, griev'd, and gone !

III.

Lord, with the warmest gratitude,
We humbly wish to take thee in !
Long have we all thy grace withstood ;
But now determine thou shalt reign !

IV.

Enter, O lover, all divine !
And take possession of our soul.
Our house, our heart, our All is thine !
To thee we dedicate our ALL !

XLVI. Gratitude.

I.

O ! Blest be the day, That publish'd relief,
Thro' Jesus the Way, The truth, and
the life.

That souls so polluted, And sordid as mine ;
By grace might be suited In glory to thine.

II.

[My sins do appear Most odious indeed !
But why should I fear, Since Jesus did bleed ?
For me he hung dying On Calvary's tree :
And now he stands crying, And pleading, for me]

III.

My Father, my God, Is taking my part :
And shedding abroad His love in my heart.
He ever proves true to His people, and word ;
And will bear me thro' to The joys of my Lord.

VI. [L

IV.

[In troubles below, And darkness I dwell :
Surrounded, I know, By dæmons of hell ;
But free from these evils I quickly shall soar,
Where darkness, and devils, And death, are no
more !]

V.

O ! when from this clay, My spirit gets free ;
And wingeth away, My Saviour to see :
And I stand before him In regions above ;
I'll love, and adore him ! Adore him, and love !

XLVII.

I.

COME, my brethren, lift your eyes,
Up unto the courts above.
See your bleeding sacrifice,
Seated on a throne of love.

II.

See the happy, happy state,
Of the saints in realms of light :
Once their sin, and grief was great ;
Now their joy is exquisite !

III.

Once they sigh'd, and wept, and mourn'd,
Just as you, and I may do :
Now their sighs, to songs are turn'd :
Ours will quickly be so too.

IV.

Jesus soon will call us home,
“ Come, ye blessed !—come away !”
“ Now the happy time is come,
“ You shall be as blest as they !”

V.

Doth not rapture fire the mind
At the prospect of such bliss ?

How

How our joys will be refin'd,
When we see him as he is !

VI.

Now anticipate the day :

Faith can see a smiling God.

Let us love, and praise, and pray,

While we press along the road.

VII.

[Come, thou dear Redeemer, come !

Take our weary souls to rest !

We desire to be at home,

Gently leaning on thy breast !]

XLVIII. Psa. CXVI. 7.

I.

RETURN to thy rest, My spirit return.
Thy gracious high priest, Is fill'd with
concern,

And out of compassion, Is calling to thee ;

And offers salvation, and Paradise free.

II.

O ! how have I run, And wander'd astray !
And what hath he done, To teach me his way !
The bountiful dealings Of God that I prove,
Impress on my feelings, A sense of his love.

III.

He crowneth the year With goodness, I see !
The seasons declare His goodness to me !

O ! how he hath fed me With manna below :

And graciously led me The way I should go.

IV.

Return to thy rest, My spirit return !

Let wanderings past, Excite thee to mourn !

And now, and for ever, With Jesus abide ;

And never, O ! never Depart from his side !

XLIX. Heb.

XLIX. Heb. IV. 3.

I.

BEHOLD! ye finners, what a rest,
Believers enter in!
Peace with their God, a peaceful breast,
And freedom from their sin.

II.

Free from the fear of endless death,
And from the tempter's pow'r,
We can pursue the narrow path,
Delighted, and secure.

III.

Trusting the Lord will bring us thro'
The water and the flame;
And kindly introduce us to
The marriage of the lamb.

IV.

Come, fellow sinners, come and see
If what we say be true:
That you may rest with us, and we
May rest along with you.

L. Isa. XI. 10.

I.

O! What a glorious rest, have we
Believers to possess.
No earthly paradise can be
Comparative to this.

II.

'Twas purchas'd by the Son of God,
And paid for on the cross.
The promises are seal'd with blood,
That make it sure to us.

III. Free

III.
 Free from the cross anxiety,
 That hurries men astray ;
 We are secure, so long as we
 In this asylum stay.

IV.
 [Tho' mortals ridicule, and scoff,
 And set at nought our rest ;
 They never can deprive us of
 A place in Jesus' breast.

V.
 Not all the angry human race,
 Nor pow'rs of death, and hell,
 Can drive us from the happy place,
 Where we securely dwell.]

VI.
 Jehovah like a wall of fire
 Defends us all around !
 Opposers like a thorn, or briar,
 Or stubble will be found.

VII.
 Then let us stedfastly abide
 In this delightful rest ;
 With hearts completely satisfy'd,
 And ultimately blest.

LI. Heb. IV. 9.

I.
SEE what a rest the Lord prepares
 For objects of his love.
 See how the happy christian fares,
 In paradise above.

II.
 [His life, his light, his company,
 And powers of his mind ;

Are strong, and vigorous, and free,
And perfectly refin'd.]

III.

No foes, or famine, shall he dread
Thro' all eternity !—

He feasts upon the living bread,
And manna of the sky.

IV.

[There flourishes the living vine
With grapes of purple hue,
That yield a most delicious wine :
And plenty of it too.

V.

There fountains of eternal grace,
In every corner flow !
And air salubrious fills the place ;
And gentle zephyrs blow.

VI.

Celestial milk, and honey, there
Thro' every part abound,
And trees of paradise appear
With smiling plenty crown'd !]

VII.

Such is the rest the great high priest
Brings his disciples to.
Fear not ye little flock of Christ,
For this is ALL for you !

VIII.

It is your father's pleasure to
Give you a rest like this !
Then cheerful after Jesus go,
The kingdom to possess.

LII. Rev.

LII. Rev. XIV. 13.

I.

HOW happy are departed saints,
 How exquisitely blest !
 They've done with sorrows, and complaints,
 And perfectly at rest.

II.

For he that sits upon the throne,
 Their every wants supplies.
 The father loves them as his own,
 And wipes their weeping eyes.

III.

[Their love is constitutional
 To one another there.
 And no mis-understanding shall
 Distress them all the year.]

IV.

Then let us imitate their faith,
 And with a prudent zeal,
 Pursue their steps, and keep the path,
 That leads to Zion's hill.

V.

The same conductor guards the road,
 And helps us on the way,
 That brought them to the blest abode,
 In everlasting day.

VI.

Then trust his faithfulness, and love,
 And live upon his grace :
 Till crown'd with victory above,
 You see him face, to face.

LIII. Praise due to Jesus.

I.

O ! What triumphant praise shall we
 To our Redeemer give :

Who agoniz'd upon a tree ;
And dy'd, that we might live.

II.

[Were any of the human race,
Such kindness to display.
What gratitude, what thankfulness,
Would the receiver pay !

III.

And shall the Son of God come down,
And groan upon a cross ?
To purchase an immortal crown,
For rebels, such as us ?

IV.

And we no kind emotion feel ?
No gratitude express ?
Impossible ! For hearts of steel,
Must melt at love like this !

V.

Jesus thy precious, precious name,
We will aloud extol !
Help us thy glory to proclaim,
With all our heart, and soul.

VI.

But, when we bid the world adieu,
And enter into rest ;
Then will we sound thy praises thro'
The mansions of the blest !

LIV. On seeing a Corpse.

I.

GOOD God ! and must this state be mine ?
Must I my breath, my life resign ?
Must I be ghastly, cold, and dead,
And on a turf repose my head ?

II. **Must**

II.

Must this thy workmanship so neat,
Be food for crawling worms to eat?
And must my soul immortal go
To everlasting bliss, or woe?

III.

Important thought! and thought as true,
Confirm'd by God, and nature too!—
O! who can tell what I shall be,
Or where, to all eternity!

IV.

[Sages of vast experience join
Your mighty efforts unto mine
Turn your huge books of maxims o'er;
But I'll the sacred page explore.]

V.

Conscience awake! and look about!
Examine! find the secret out!
No longer dote on flesh, and sense!
My fixed state will soon commence!

VI.

Soon will the awful die be cast!
And time for preparation past!
An hour improv'd, or lost, may be
More than a thousand worlds to me!

VII.

Good God! tremendous, awful name!
Of thee I am! from thee I came!
O! may my spirit when I die,
Rise to my God, and him enjoy.

LV.

Heb. IX.

27.

I.

NEIGHBOURS, and friends! behold the
To which you all must come! (state
No

No mortal upon earth's too great,
To moulder in a tomb!

II.

Our life is forfeited by sin ;
The forfeit we must pay :
We all must meet the judge divine,
At his appointed day.

III.

The day when our most secret thoughts,
Will all be brought to light !
And we must answer for the faults
Committed in his sight.

IV.

Ye young transgressors, and ye old ;
Will you be careless still ?
Can you be trifling, vain, and bold,
Upon the brink of hell ?

V.

Dare you the laws of God transgress,
And slight his gospel too ?
Then Christ the Judge must soon express
A sad DEPART to you !

VI.

O ! friends, and neighbours, seek the Lord,
While he is to be found !
Hear, and believe his gospel word ;
And be with glory crown'd.

LVI. The King of Terrors!

I.

HOW like a tyrant death appears,
With terror in his face ;
Above controul, he perseveres
To slay the human race !

II. No

II.

No earthly pow'r can stop his course,
 Or bribe him to retreat :
 He presses with determin'd force,
 The carnage to repeat.

III.

The old, and wither'd ; young, and gay,
 Oppose his arm in vain.
 From Adam to this very day,
 What millions hath he slain !

IV.

[Nor weary yet, for here we see
 The traces of his hand :
 And soon he'll come to you, and me,
 Our spirits to demand.

V.

Now should he come to us to day,
 While we are standing here !
 And take our precious souls away,
 To God's tremendous bar !

VI.

With what sensations should we go
 To meet the judge severe ?
 Now are we ready friends, or no,
 Before him to appear ?

VII.

'Tis of the utmost consequence
 To be prepar'd to die ;
 For triflers can have no pretence,
 To everlasting joy !

VIII.

And better firs, ten thousand times
 That we had never been,
 Than add indiff'rence to our crimes,
 And perish in our sin !]

IX.

O! fly to Christ without delay!
 He ever lives to save!
 Then you may smile at Death to day:
 And triumph o'er the grave!

LVII. A Dying Infant.

I.

HAPPY the babe that bids farewell
 To such a world as this!
 And goes with Jesus Christ to dwell,
 In everlasting bliss!

II.

There, shall it live for ever free,
 From sin, and pain and death:
 No more to groan like you, and (me)
 Poor pilgrims upon earth.

III.

But in the dear Redeemer's sight,
 It spends it's happy days;
 While all it's inmost pow'rs unite
 In pleasure, and in praise.

LVIII. To Mourning Parents.

I.

YE tender parents, why such grief,
 To part with what you love?
 Can you afford the kind relief,
 That it enjoys above?

II.

No more shall it with piteous cry
 Express it's feeble moan!
 No more shall heave the heavy sigh,
 Nor deep expiring groan!

III. But

III.

But free from all the sad distress,
That sin expos'd it to ;
It now enjoys a happiness,
Not to be found below.

IV.

Then dry your tears, no longer mourn,
Your infant is secure :
It never shall to you return ;
But you to it shall soar.

V.

Soon will the blessed day appear,
That we shall take our flight :
O ! to be ready while we're here,
To meet it with delight.

VI.

Then shall we see, and smiling meet
Our dear departed friends :
And share with them communion sweet,
That never, never ends !

LIX. The Dying Christian.

I.

NOW the happy time is come !
I shall quickly be at home !
Pains, and sickness ; doubts, and fears ;
Vanish with my days, and years.

II.

I shall soon be waster! o'er,
Life's tempestuous sea, and shore !
Gain the happy land on high ;
Triumph to eternity !

III. O !

G

III.

O ! with what divine delight,
I can bid adieu to night :
Realms of day attract me now :
Christ, and glory are in view.

IV.

There, no soul distressing fears !
There, no over-anxious cares !
There, no world, nor flesh, nor fiend,
To corrupt, or vex my mind.

V.

Come Lord Jesus, come away !
Take me to the realms of day !
Then my love, and joy shall be,
Full to all eternity !

LX. Absent from the Body.

I.

FRRIENDS, and neighbours, say I'm dead !
How they mourn around my bed !
But the painful struggle's o'er :
Now I live, to die no more !

II.

I'm elate, and active grown,
Now I've done with flesh, and bone :
And delightful prospects rise
To my new illumin'd eyes.

III.

Spirits all encamp'd around !
Angels waft me from the ground !
Now the courts of bliss appear !
This is heav'n ! and I am there.

IV.

Yonder, see, my JESUS stands !
Holding out to me his hands !

Calling

Calling "Come, my brother come!
Welcome to thy endless home!"

V.

Love divine my spirit charms!
What am I in Jesus arms?
Arms once stretch'd on Calvary?
This is heav'n indeed to me!

VI.

O! that all my friends on earth,
Knew the pleasures after death!
They no more for me would sigh;
But with ardor wish to die.

LXI. Judges X.

I.

WHEN Israel, in days of old,
Forsook their God, and worship'd Baal:
The Lord incens'd, his people sold,
And let their enemies prevail:
Till sorely burden'd, and oppress'd,
They sought to him alone for rest.

II.

The Lord their supplication heard,
Not as he often had before;
But with a dreadful frown declar'd!
"I will deliver you no more!"
"Go to your chosen Gods for aid!"
"Let them deliver, who're obey'd!"

III.

See how they mourn now he is wrath;
How humbly they confess, and plead:
They banish Baal, and Ashteroth;
And to the Lord return indeed!

The

The Lord for their affliction grieves,
And kindly them again receives.

IV.

O ! how this history displays
The evils of the present day !
But where's the sinner now that prays,
And casts his idols all away ?
That to the Lord indeed returns :
And for a guilty nation mourns !

V.

These are the men shall find the Lord
A friend in every time of need !
These are the men whose groans are heard :
These are the men whose prayers succeed !
O ! that our hearts may all to day,
Be so prepar'd to plead and pray.

LXII. John VI. 67.

I.

“ **A**ND will ye go away ?”
And whither will ye go ?
If you from such a Saviour stray
For happiness below ?

II.

“ And will ye go away ?”
And slight a Saviour's word ?
What will you answer at the day
When you shall meet the Lord ?

III.

“ And will ye go away ?”
And give religion up ?
O ! better firs with Jesus stay
To die on Calvary's top !

IV. “ And

IV.

"And will ye go away?"
 O! whither will ye go?
 If you from his protection stray
 To shun eternal woe?

V.

'Tis he, and he alone,
 Poor sinners can redeem;
 And those must ever be undone,
 That go away from him!

VI.

But those that hear his voice,
 And closely to him cleave;
 In his salvation shall rejoice,
 And in his glory live.

LXIII. Praise ye the LORD.

I.

NOW ye saints prepare to sing,
 Loud Hosannas to your king:
 Banish your complaints and raise
 All your pow'rs to sound his praise,

II.

He, the universal LORD!
 Ought by all to be ador'd!
 Goodness, such as he displays,
 Calls for universal praise.

III.

Let the whole creation join,
 In a concert so divine:
 And in all their diff'rent ways,
 Celebrate Jehovah's praise:

IV.

Till harmonious accents fly,
 Thro' the star-illumin'd sky!

And the angels, with amaze,
Drop their harps, to hear the praise.

V.

Great and gracious Deity ;
More than this is due to thee !
Help, and pardon our essays,
Striving, failing, in thy praise.

MEDITATIONS.

I. I am thy Servant.

LORD I am thy servant still.
I desire to do thy will.
Talents, time, my all is thine.
Fill my soul with life divine.

Help me now another year,
If thy goodness keep me here :
But if thou shalt see it best,
Take me to eternal rest.

Follies past I would lament.
Those in future, O prevent !
May I have a watchful care ;
And escape the tempter's snare.

Humbly may I walk with God.
Seek my fellow-creatures good.
And assisted by thy grace ;
Bring them Lord to seek thy face.

Give

Give me an abiding sense
Of thy gracious providence.
And in accident, and chance;
May I see thy sapience.

But whatever else thou give,
May I ever whilst I live,
See a Jesus crucify'd,
As my glory, and my pride.

If I live in want below;
May I never let this go.
If abundance I possess;
May I never part with this.

This is what supports my breath.
This be my support in death.
And above my boast shall be—
Christ was crucified for me !

II. For trifling Hearers.

HOW many years have I been spar'd !
How many warnings have I had !
How many sermons have I heard !
How many chapters have I read !
How many times from day to day,
Has Jesus call'd, and I said nay !

And now if he should call no more,
But leave me in the jaws of death !
And God with indignation pour
On me the vials of his wrath !
What consolation can I find ;
What ease to my tormented mind ?

I cannot say I never knew
 The being of a heav'n and hell.
 I cannot say he would not shew
 How I in paradise might dwell.
 But God, and Christ, and conscience then,
 Will chide my unbelief, and sin.

What more could God the Father do,
 Than give his Son to die for me ?
 Except with earnestness to woo
 A captive sinner to be free.
 And now methinks I hear him cry,
 " Why captive sinner wilt thou die ?"

O ! what a stubborn heart have I,
 To slight the kindness of a God !
 And on the brink of ruin lie,
 When urg'd by agonies, and blood,
 To fly to Jesus for relief ;
 Who offers me eternal life.

O Lord ! I dare no longer slight,
 Thy pressing importunity !
 I come to thee with all my might !
 O ! help me now to come to thee !
 Tho' Satan, flesh, and world oppose ;
 I with thy invitation elose.

III. For loose Professors.

HAS Jesus dy'd that I may live
 Free from the horrors of despair ?
 And shall I hesitate to give
 My ALL to his indulgent care ?

Has he ordain'd a holy path
 For me to walk to glory in ?

And

And shall I travel down to death,
In ways of vanity, and sin ?

Has he a yoke for me to wear,
And shall I shun to put it on ?
How then can I expect to hear
Him say to me at last, well done !

Where is my love, my life, my light ;
My faith, my hope, my confidence ;
If I his institutions flight,
To gratify my flesh, and sense ?

What proof can I pretend to give,
That I am truly born of God ;
Unless I to his glory live,
Who bought me with his precious blood ?

Can I with conscious pleasure sing,
When conscious I his precepts flight ?
No ! conscious pleasures only spring
From consciousness of doing right !

Had my redeemer, when below
Shrunk from the burden of my sin.—
Where, but in everlasting woe,
Must my poor guilty soul have been ?

Lord, with humility, and grief ;
My base ingratitude I own :
What hast thou done for my relief ;
And what have I for Jesus done ?

O ! help me now to glorify
Thy name in every thing I do.
I wish to serve thee till I die ;
And when in heav'n to serve thee too !

IV. A Thought on Judgment.

WHAT must I do when I appear
 Before the judgment seat?
 What must I answer when I hear
 The Judge my name repeat?

I cannot say his law has been
 My pleasure day, and night,
 I cannot say my heart is clean,
 And all my actions right.

I cannot say I've done as well
 As possibly I could;
 For I have oft oppos'd his will
 So holy, just, and good.

Then what can I pretend to say,
 That will avail me there?—
 Jesus hath put my sins away!
 And I have nought to fear.

He dy'd to satisfy the laws,
 And rescue me from hell:
 And he'll be there to plead my cause;
 And he can plead it well!

I put my soul into his hands,
 And trust him with my all!
 My faith on his atonement stands;
 And that can never fall!

He knew before he undertook,
 The work he had to do:

My

My name was written in his book ;
And all my actions too.

And yet he left his father's side,
To languish on a tree :
And when 'twas finish'd meekly dy'd :
And was not that for me ?—

Yes dearest Lord ! it was for me !
For whosoever will !
Thy gospel, and thy grace, are free
To helpless sinners still !

Lo here is all my hope ! and here
I find a settled joy !
The heav'ns, and earth shall disappear !
But Jesus cannot lie !

V. A Neglector's Reflection on a Dying Bed.

O ! What must I do, When hence I depart
The Saviour I know, Has love in his
heart :

But I have neglected, The day of his grace ;
And if I'm rejected, Who'll stand in my place

No comfort appears, From righteousness done
Repentance, and tears, Can never atone
The wrath of Jehovah, Whom I've disobey'd.
And O ! what can cover My desolate head ?

The calls of my God, I often have heard :
But always withstood, Or slighted his word.
Tho' he has been waiting, From day, unto day,
Inviting, entreating, My soul to obey.

A pardon has been Proclaim'd in my ear :
But bent upon sin, I refused to hear !
Tho' urged to have it, Again, and again :
Yet I never gave it A hearty amen.

I doted on years Of pleasure to come :
And stifled my fears, That whisper'd long home
My sins I conceited, Were little, and few :
But I have been cheated, And grievously too.

And now I must go, My maker to meet !
And what must I do, When brought to his seat ?
No advocate rises, To plead for me there !
And Jesus despises, And laughs at my fear !

The judge with a frown, More dreadful than
hell ! (to dwell !
Will plunge me down, DOWN ! With devils
O ! There—I'm confounded At what I must
bear !
With horrors surrounded, I sink in despair.

VI. Self Examination.

NOW let me lay my carnal cares,
And worldly thoughts away ;
And search into my souls affairs ;
For I may die to day.

What evidence have I to prove,
I've chose the better part ?
Have I the faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart ?

On this depends my future state
Of wretchedness, or bliss ;

Then

Then what in all the world so great
For me to know, as this ?

I find the wrath of God reveal'd
Against iniquity :

Then, what can I expect to shield
A wretch so vile as me ?

I know that Jesus came from heav'n
To save rebellious men :

But do I know my sins forgiv'n,
Or that I'm born again ?

Have I receiv'd the Grace of God,
In earnest, or in vain ?

What are the paths in which I've trod ;
The righteous, or profane ?

Have I obey'd the Gospel truth ;
And has it made me free ?

And have I got a death-bed proof,
That I'm at liberty ?

He that believes, the spirit saith,
The witness hath within !

Then have I this to prove my faith
Sincere, and genuine ?

To shun eternal death, and hell,
Demands a strong desire :

'Twill be a dreadful thing to dwell,
In everlasting fire !

And if there be a world of joy,
For sinners to obtain :

Who would not to their utmost try,
That happy world to gain?

Great God ! afford sufficient aid,
Unto a feeble worm !

○ may the creature thou hast made,
A right conclusion form !

That thro' my life, and at the last,
And to eternity,

Thy gracious goodness I may taste,
And love and worship thee.

VII. The same for Professors.

NOW I believe the Lamb of God
Hath took my sins away !

And I've redemption thro' his blood,
Was I to die to-day.

But do I know that I receive
The Gospel offer true ?

For Devils we are told believe,
And Devils tremble too.

Then what criterion have I
To prove my faith is right ?

For many in profession high,
Will prove at last too light.

I would not be mistaken here ;
No, not for all the World !

For what would that avail me where
The wicked shall be hurld ?

I dare not rest in what I know,
Of Doctrines most divine !
But let me see what actions flow
From such a faith as mine.

Do I sincerely love the Lord,
His people, and his cause ?
And venerate his holy word,
His promises, and laws ?

Do I deny myself, and take
My cross, and follow him ?
And from my heart, and soul, forsake
What others most esteem ?

Do I distribute to the saints,
In their necessity ?
And feel, when I perceive their wants,
A tender sympathy ?

Do I his every Ordinance
Attend with sacred joy ?
Nor grudge the labour, and expence,
That I sustain thereby ?

Many there are that wish to reap,
But do not care to sow :
That want a good religion cheap :—
Is this my case, or no ?

Speak conscience home unto my soul,
For flattery is base !
Am I dispos'd to part with ALL !
For Jesus, and his grace ?—

With pleasure I can answer YES !
 If that should be his will :
 But build my hopes of happiness,
 On my Redeemer still.

I humbly love, and I adore
 The precious Lamb of God :
 And wish to love, and serve him more,
 In every kind of good.

VIII. Longing for Heaven.

O ! When my Lord shall I ascend,
 To thy blest courts above.
 And everlasting ages spend,
 In extacy and love.

Far from my native home, I stand
 Expos'd to ev'ry snare ;
 Panting to be at thy right hand,
 Delivered from care.

O ! give me patience here to stay,
 Till thou shalt say arise ;
 Then as an eagle shoots away,
 Shall I dart thro' the skies.

O ! in that unknown world of thine,
 What wonder will there be,
 To see this sinful soul of mine,
 Cleans'd, and adorn'd by thee.

While I with infinite surprise,
 And rapture shall adore !
 Thy man that dy'd a sacrifice,
 My pardon to procure.

Transporting

(2)
Transporting thoughts ! shall I at last
My dear Redeemer see ?
And will my precious Jesus cast,
A gracious smile on me ?
Roll swiftly on, ye wheels of time !
Ye moments, haste away !
I long to taste the joys sublime,
Of an eternal day !

IX. Frames Uncertain.

WHAT is the cause of this decay,
That I perceive within ?
Has not the Saviour borne away
The burden of my sin ?

I once had faith, and hope, and love,
That bore my spirits up ;
And I could rise, and soar above
The highest mountains top :

And take a comfortable view,
Of Paradise on high :
And by a pleasing instinct knew,
My title to their joy.

But now alas ! my spirits sink
From their aerial flight ;
And tremble on the dreadful brink
Of horror, dark as night !

My pleasing views, and smiling hopes,
Are vanished away :

(6)
And void of light, my spirit gapes,
To find a cheering ray.

And can I be a child of God,
And this revelation know?

Can I be in the heavenly road,
While toss'd, and trouble'd so?

Yes, Jesus Christ is still the same;
And I shall not be lost:

I place my confidence in him,
And know in whom I trust,

Let frames and feelings, ebb and flow,
Like billows of the sea;
Jesus is still the same I know,
And still the same to me.

In darkness, he shall be my light;
And in my troubles, joy;
Under his banner I will fight,
And on his truth rely.

Till done with sublunary things,
I rise above my clay;
And soar aloft on eagle's wings,
To everlasting day.

There to enjoy without controul,
The beatific sight;
While love to Jesus fills my soul,
With rapturous delight.

(32)
**X. The Infallibility of Human
Resolutions.**

WHILE on the promises of God,
I steadily repose;
Peace, like a river in a flood,
My spirit overflows.

Tho' all my enemies unite,
To interrupt my rest;
My bosom heaves with sweet delight,
Too great to be express'd.

The world appears a trifle then,
And trifles all things here;
I care not for its trifles, when
The promises appear.

O! that I could but more, and more,
Believe my father's word;
And trust thro' every day, and hour,
A kind, and faithful word.

I oft resolve I'll not depart,
Nor him forget again.
But my poor, weak, ungrateful heart,
Its purpose can't retain.

But e'er the resolution's made,
Some trifle, fair, or gay,
Presents itself, and I'm betray'd
Again to run away.

Dear Lord! and may a wretch so vile,
Again approach to thee?

And

And can thy goodness deign to smile
Upon a worm like me?

Yes, still the promises are mine!

And so art thou, my God!

And I by covenant am thine;

Seal'd, with Immanuel's blood!

Away my fears! my doubts away!

Here is no room for you!

The promises are mine to-day!

And for to-morrow too!

XI. Looking unto Jesus.

1. **S**OUL, why art thou cast down,
And bury'd in distress?
Since Jesus wears a crown,
Of glory, and of grace.

Holding salvation out to free;

And cries "Poor sinners look to me!"

2. Should men and devils join,
And make it all their care,
To bring this soul of mine,
To regions of despair;

I'd look to Jesus still, for he

Is able, and would rescue me.

3. Tho' all my sins arose,
In terrible array;
My worst, and greatest foes;
And this was judgment day.

To Jesus would I look alone:

Jesus hath made my cause his own.

4. And

4. And tho' the fiery Law,
With red hot burning face;
Declar'd eternal woe,
To all the human race
Still would I look to Christ my God,
And plead his efficacious blood.
5. Tho' justice frowning stood,
With his tremendous look!
And thunder'd like a God,
At every word he spoke!
I'd look to Christ in all my need;
Jesus I know my cause would plead.
6. Jesus my precious friend,
Hath shed his precious blood;
By precious faith I stand,
And see my precious God:
Who says I'm precious in his sight:
Which gives my precious soul delight.
7. Jesus my soul's desire,
Whom now by faith I see;
May I each day acquire,
Sublimar views of thee.
Till I arise to realms of bliss;
And see my Saviour as he is.

XII. To Heroic Souls.

COME now ye stout, courageous men,
Who dare to use a sword;
Come now, and boldly enter in
The army of your Lord!

(14)
Here's present pay, provision good,
And matchless spear, and shield.
A General of royal blood,
To lead you to the field!

His single arm did once subdue
The pow'rs of death, and hell;
Then what shall we united do,
To wretches that rebel!

What pow'r can daunt courageous souls,
With such a General?
Hosts of Goliath's, and of Sauls;
Their very looks repel!

Then gird your sword upon your thigh,
And strict attention give,
Those that your Captain bids destroy;
Don't you permit to live.

Beware of each besetting sin,
Especially of lust!
And ever when she works within,
Give her a mortal thrust!

You'll know her by her fair pretence,
And pressing to be heard,
To gratify the flesh, and sense;
Or disobey your Lord.

But yield not for a moment to
Her promise, smile, or frown—
Depend upon it, if you do,
She'll rob you of your crown.*

In vain you look for settled peace ;
And hope for heav'n in vain ;
If you permit a foe like this,
To domineer, and reign !

Then like heroic sons of God,
Pursue the work begun ;
And stedfastly resist to blood,
Rather than yield, or run.

Soon will your suffering, and toil,
And fighting all be o'er !
Then shall you seize the precious spoil,
And triumph evermore.

XIII. Winter.

NOW winter comes with hoary head,
To strike the gay creation dead !
Sharp frost and snow, or driving rain,
With piercing Boreas in her train.

The lofty pines, so old, and strong ;
Tremble to see her stride along !
The sun abash'd his glory hides ;
Or just on the horizon glides.

The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Warble no more their notes of love !
The lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Shiv'ring with cold, to shelter creep.

Happy was human kind secure,
From winters desolating pow'r !

But

(96)
But vain the wish ! then happy they,
Who well improv'd their summer's day !

They've house to shield them from the storm !
Raiment, and fire, to keep them warm !
Corn in their garner for their bread !
Down for their pillow, and their bed !

They calmly bear the tempest blow ;
Serenely view a world of snow.
At ease they live, and take their rest,
With smiling peace, and plenty blest.

Contented in their present state,
For vernal funs, they hope, and wait :
Conscious that sol's prolific pow'r,
Life to creation will restore.

Not so the sluggard, who at ease,
Hath spent his precious shining days.
The harvest in, and summer fled,
He starves, or begs, for want of bread.

In tatter'd rags his limbs appear !
His features indicate despair !
But who can paint his anxious thoughts,
Which tear him for his former faults.

He hopes, but fears his hopes destroy,
That he shall summer months enjoy.
Alas ! how will he weather thro',
A dreadful winter full in view !

Improvement.

Improvement.

A Glorious summer we've enjoy'd,
That we might for our souls provide.
The heav'nly manna has been sent,
In plenty round about our tent.
A winter now is coming on :
What have we got to live upon ?
How have we spent our summer's day ;
In harvest work, or childish play ?

That now if winter long should hold,
Exceeding dark, and bleak, and cold.
No sun to warm, nor give us light,
No star to cheer the tedious night ;
But tempests all around us roar ;
And floods of tribulation pour :
And Satan hediously should growl
Instant destruction to our soul !

Have we a shelter from the storm ?
The fire of love to keep us warm ?
A Saviour's promise, flesh, and blood,
To live upon, as drink, and food ?
Feet with the peaceful Gospel shod ?
Arm'd from the magazine of God ?
A friend to fly to in our need,
Who's sure to be a friend indeed ?

Happy, thrice happy these ! but O !
What will the vain professor do ?
Now poverty his soul assails ?
He labours, but it nought avails !
He begs,—but little he obtains :
Forlorn he wanders o'er the plains !—

A dawn of distant hope appears ;
But distant hopes, are present fears.

Alas for such ! their wants are great.
But are we in a better state ?
A friend is all that we can boast.
And if he fail, our souls are lost !
But O ! the friend in whom we trust,
Is kind, compassionate, and just !
And bound by every sacred tie,
Their wants who trust him to supply.

Jesus our kind, and faithful friend,
On thee with pleasure we depend.
Thou hold'st the seasons in thy hand,
Nature obeys thy great command.
To thee we look, to thee we pray,
To take the wintry months away.
'Tis thou, 'tis only thou can'st bring,
The charming blessings of the spring.

XIV. Spring.

HOW lovely nature ! when she's seen,
Dress'd in a garment new, and green :
Adorn'd with flowers of ev'ry hue,
That serve for use, and beauty too.

The birds all singing on the spray,
Hailing the new, delightful day !
While Phoebus travels up the east,
In all his rising glories dress'd.

The lambs delighted skip, and play,
The bees industrious soar away,

To gather a delicious store,
The sweets of every fragrant flower.

The dairy-maid beneath a pail,
Trips from the village, to the vale !
With spirits light, serene, and gay,
She sweetly sings her cares away.

The swain with elevated brow,
Whistles the while he rides to plough !
As high, and happy as his Grace,
With all his equipage, and lace !

Just so the soul from sin releas'd,
In garments of salvation dress'd !
While Christ, the sun of righteousness,
Displays the glory of his grace,

Who by his renovating beams,
Dispels their darksome, winter dreams ;
And life, and strength divine imparts,
To hard, bewild'rd, frozen hearts.

The spirit with alluring voice,
Invites, inspires them to rejoice !
While faith, and hope, and love combine,
To make their light resplendent shine.

That they can labour, run, or fly,
Who us'd to droop, despair, and die !
And vigorously do his will,
With pleasure, gratitude, and zeal !

Can dive the deep, or dig the mine,
Or soar aloft, for wealth divine !

And

And find the profit rising thence,
Exceed the labour, and expence.

O ! may we this day find it so,
And feel our new creation grow !
Like nature vigorous appear,
And fruitful as the ripen'd year.

Jesus, we long to see thy face,
And feel thy rich, enliv'ning grace :
That like the concert of the spring,
Our spirits may rejoice and sing.

Husbandry Improved.

XV. The Fallow-Field.

BEHOLD yon spacious fallow-field
Just like a wilderness :
Nor sun, nor show'rs, can make it yield,
A crop of corn, or grass.

What can the reason of it be,
When all around are seen,
Cover'd with springing corn, and gay,
In nature's lovely green ?

The ground uncultivated mourns,
For manure, plough, and seed ;
And of a paradise, it turns
A wilderness indeed.—

This sentiment improv'd with care,
May good instruction yield :

My

My soul, which heav'nly fruits should bear,
Is such a fallow-field;

The ground remains unbroken up;

The seed is yet to sow :

Then how can I expect a crop,
In such a field to grow ?

The sun of righteousness may shine,

And show'rs of Grace distill ;

But this uncultur'd soul of mine,

Is but a desert still.

With resolution let me now,

Begin the work indeed !

To break the ground up with the plough,

And sow the gospel seed.

'Tis time, high time to seek the Lord,

With diligence, and care.

O ! may his spirit, and his word,

Direct me how, and where !

That I like such a fallow-field,

No longer may remain ;

But well manur'd, in season yield

A crop of precious grain.

XVI. Seed Time. To Individuals.

BEHOLD the farmer in his field !

What pains he takes to make it yield !

And shall I less industrious be

To an immortal part in me ?

How early up, and diligent,
 And wisely all his time is spent !
 And shall I trifle mine away
 In sleep, amusements, or in play ?

How cautious when he sows his ground,
 His seed is proper, clean, and sound !
 And shall not I be cautious too,
 What doctrines I receive as true ?

And when 'tis sown, how careful then,
 To have it rightly harrow'd in !
 Then sha'n't I see the truths I know,
 Be ponder'd o'er that they may grow ?

How anxious that the fowls of heav'n,
 And vermin all away are driv'n !
 And sha'n't I labour to control,
 The vermin that would rob my soul !

What is the end of all his care ?
 Provision for a future year !
 And shall not I be careful too,
 Who have eternal life in view ?

Shall he for blessings of an hour,
 Exert his utmost skill and pow'r ?
 And shall not I shew equal strife,
 That I secure the bread of life ?

O ! let me ponder more, and more
 The fields of grace, and nature o'er !
 That wiser, better, happier, I
 May be when fields of nature die.

XVII. Seed Time [with submission] to Ministers.

BEHOLD how diligent and wise,
The husbandman appears !
What labour, and expence he tries,
To manage his affairs !

He soughs, he dungs, he ploughs, he sows,
And harrows in the grain ;
Then watches, lest the envious crows,
Should fetch it out again.

The fences next employ his care,
To keep the cattle out :
The briars, and thorns, are useful here,
To hedge his field about.

Thus he from day, to day, bestows
His labour on his ground ;
But to the sun, and rain, he owes
That all his labour's crown'd.

Ye lab'ers in the field of God !

This speaks aloud to you !
The human heart is like a clod,
And stubborn to subdue,

Then take the hammer, and the plough,
[The words Jehovah spoke ;]
And make the stubborn sinner bow,
With every legal stroke.

And then with lib'ral handfulls there,
The seed, the Gospel sow ;

And

And look with confidence, and pray'r,
To God, to make it grow.

That while you exercise your pow'rs,
And labour in the field ;

He with his beams, and copious show'rs
Of grace, may make it yield.

Observation.

IF you before the ground is fit,
The best of seed should sow ;
You never can expect that it
Should to a harvest grow.

And if the ground be broken up,
And manag'd well indeed :
You never can expect a crop,
Unless you sow the seed.

Then use your knowledge, plough, and seed,
With diligence, and care ;
And watch, and water ; warn, and weed :
No pains, no labour spare.

The harvest day is coming on ;
A glorious day indeed !
But woe to them, who've not begun,
To spread abroad their seed !

XVIII. Weeding

XVIII. Weeding Time, to Believers under Temptation, or Affliction.

1. **I**F we survey the fields,
Variety appears:
The fruitful furrow yields,
Not only wheat, but tares;
But how unlike the swain proceeds,
Toward the wheat, toward the weeds.
2. The tares are thrown away,
Or trampled under foot,
At any time of day,
And whether ripe, or not:
But all his care, his whole concern,
Is to preserve the growing corn.
3. And will the God of love,
Lord of this field below,
Send Angels from above,
To spoil his harvest? no!
Tho' they're commissioned to reap;
They must not till the corn is ripe.
4. But they must water now,
And watch, and weed the grain:
To exercise the plough,
Or sickle, would be vain.
O! how the husbandman would chide!
To have his harvest so destroy'd.
5. Then lift your drooping heads,
Ye precious wheat of God!

The

The cloud that over spreads,
Is coming for your good.
Tho' dark, and dismal it appears;
'I will feed the wheat, and fill the ears.

6. Afflictions long and sore,
Are vehicles of grace;
Which for a time obscure,
The sun of righteousness:
But soon with lustre most divine,
He'll on his precious harvest shine.

7. Then, from the fields above,
The reapers shall descend!
And speedily remove,
Whatever doth offend.
Your sorrows shall to joys be turn'd!
But tares in bundles bound and burn'd!

XIX. Harvest. For the Ordinance of the Lord's supper.

THE winter and the spring, are gone:
The fruitful harvest coming on:
See the earth burden'd with a load
Of precious grain, for human food!

But what's the harvest of the field,
To what the ordinances yield
'Tis but a figure, type, or shade,
Compar'd with Christ, the living bread and

How happy is the rural swain,
Amidst his fields of yellow grain!

The

But

But what's the very finest wheat,
To the sweet manna that we eat?

This harvest, all this earthly crop,
Will soon be in, and eaten up;
But that which we partake of here,
Is a rich harvest all the year.

But, when deliver'd from the grave;
Then, what a harvest shall we have!
When to the worlds above we come!
Then shall we sing our harvest home!

Then, shall we shout redeeming grace,
Thro' all the shining fields of bliss!
O! to a harvest so divine,
What's all this earthly corn, and wine?

Jesus! assist thy people here,
To reap enough to persevere;
Till from this wretched land releas'd,
We, at thy harvest supper feast!

XX. Judgment. Matt. XXV.

BEHOLD, the heavens open wide!
From pole to pole, on either side!
While Jesus comes upon a cloud,
With all his bright angelic croud,
Who sound their golden trumpets loud,
To wake the dead!

See, mighty monarchs, and their slaves,
Spring from their sepulchres, and graves!
Earthly distinctions are no more!

The

The proud, the wealthy, and the poor,
All on a level stand before,
The Judge Supreme!

No stars, or mitres, to display,
The Lords religious, or the lay;
But noble, and ignoble there,
Without their robes, and rags appear;
And seem to be just what they are,
And nothing more.

The hypocrite, that, when below,
Appear'd religious for a shew,
Is stript of all his fair disguise!
And finds his flattery, and lies,
In all their baseness with him rise
To public view.

Now party differences fall!
Righteous, and wicked, serve for all.
And as they liv'd, and as they dy'd,
At his command, they each divide,
And take their stand on either side
The great white throne.

Those first attract the Judge's sight,
Who stand conven'd upon his right.
With looks too kind to be express'd,
He calls with ardor, "Come ye blest!
Inherit the eternal rest,
For you prepar'd!"

But O! with what a frowning face,
He views the slights of his grace!
While vengeance sparkles in his eyes!
And thunders rumble thro' the skies!
And dæmons horrible arise,
To hear their doom!

At length in dreadful majesty,
The overwhelming accents fly.
"Depart from me ye cursed ! go !
Down to the flaming gulph below !
Prepar'd for my eternal foe,
And his allies !"

Confounded ! thunder-struck ! they all
To punishment eternal fall !
Never to rise again !—But O !
The righteous with the saviour go !
And shouting rise triumphant to
The throne of God.

O ! may it be my happy end !
And yours, kind reader to ascend,
With Jesus to the realms above,
To taste the sweetness of his love,
And all his kind protection prove,
For evermore.

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9	7	1	Assiembly	Assemblies
10	1	3	once	one
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20	1	1	the	toe
20	4	2	def'ence	diffrence
22	do. the note		adopted	adapted
69	2	2	want	wants
70	1	3	earth	earth's
72	2	3		()
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